
A
S E R M O N

Preached at

K E W - C H A P E L.

Occasioned by the D E A T H of

Our Late

Gracious Q U E E N.

S E R M O N

Preached at

K E W - C H A P E L .

Occasioned by the DEATH of

Our late

G R A C I O U S Q U E E N .

A
S E R M O N

Preached at

K E W - C H A P E L,

December 11. 1737.

Occasioned by the DEATH of

Our late

Gracious Q U E E N.

And published

At the Request of the A U D I E N C E.

By *T. M O R E L L*, A. M.

Fellow of KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row. MDCCXXXVII.

SERMON

Preached at

Kew-CHapel.

December 11. 1787.

Occasioned by the DEATH of

Our late

GRACIOUS QUEEN.

39.
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1787

At the Request of the A. B. C. C.



By F. M. A. M. A. M.
Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

LONDON.

Printed for T. Cooper at the Olive in Pall-mall.
MDCCLXXXVII.

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[REDACTED]

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TO THE

Reverend Mr. MORELL:

Reverend Sir,

WE, whose Names are under-written, return you our most hearty Thanks, for the ~~most~~ excellent Sermon, this Day preached unto us, in the Chapel of St. Ann, at this Place. And we desire you will be pleased to Print it, at our Expence; which will be an Addition to the many Obligations you have conferred on the Inhabitants of this Place, since

we

[6]

*we have had the Blessing and Happiness
of your Ministry amongst us.*

Who are, SIR,

Your most Obligated,

Kew, Dec. 11.
1737.

And Affectionate

Friends and Servants,

Christopher Appleby.

T. Devereux.

Thomas Howlet.

George Warren.

Stephen Duck.

James Thornton.

Edward Morton.

Robert Tunstall.

Henry Stallard.

Richard Scott.

John Dillman.

Jos. Harper Reynolds.

William Plawton.

Ann Lely.

Rachel Gower.

~~_____~~
~~_____~~
TO THE
Gentlemen *and other* Inhabitants

O F
K E W - G R E E N.

I CANNOT but receive
great Satisfaction from
your kind Acceptance of
my Ministry, as Assistant to
one, whose Absence you
mourn not more, than the
unhappy Occasion of it, his
Blindness : And this fresh
Instance of your Esteem I
look upon as a peculiar Fa-
vour ; but should gladly
have excused the Compli-
ment of printing my Ser-
mon ;

DEDICATION.

mon; for I am *really* obliged to make the usual Apology, that it is *an hasty Performance, and by no means intended for the Press*. However, as you have made it *Yours*, by your Approbation and Request, I am very little concern'd for, either Praise or Censure. My Desire is to oblige you, and to shew myself in this, as in all other Respects,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

and humble Servant,

T. Morell.

the End, or Word of God, (mention whosoever
is industriously made in every Verse under
[redacted]
[redacted] Particular point in View; and this before us

Infidelity of all human Perfection, when
compared with the unchangeable Truth, and

PSALM cxix. 96.

I see that all Things come to an End.

Or rather, in the later Version,

I have seen an End of all Perfection.

IT is not very material, to know,
who was the Author of this excellent
Psalm, upon what occasion it was wrote,
or why so artfully framed in an alphabetical
Order: The Commentators are not agreed:
Waving therefore all trifling Dispute, I shall
look upon it as the *Royal Penman's*, and full
worthy the honourable Place it holds; as
containing some beautiful Reflections, and al-
most all the Precepts of *Faith* and *Obedience*.
Only this we may observe, that, tho' the
principal Aim of the Author be to magnifie

the Law, or Word of God, (mention whereof is industriously made in every Verse under different Titles) yet each *Ogdoad* has some Particular point in View; and this before us seems intended to set forth the Defects and Instability of all human Perfections, when compared with the unchangeable Truth, and pure Word of God.

For why some should suppose that by *Perfection* is meant *Martyrdom*, I cannot conceive; nor why the *Latins* interpret it of *Christ*; since the Antithesis, or Opposition in the latter part of the Verse declares for the foregoing Interpretation, and runs parallel with that of the Prophet, *Isa. xl. 6. The Voice said, Cry; and he said, What shall I cry? All Flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof as the Flower of the Field, the Grass withereth, and the Flower fadeth, but the Word of our God abideth for ever. So David, I have seen an End of all Perfection, but thy Commandment is exceeding broad.*

From this Acceptation of the Words of my Text we are led to consider the *Insufficiency*

ciency of all human Contentments, such as *Wisdom, Health, Strength, Beauty, Riches,* and the like *defective Perfections, decaying Felicities.* Does not the Excellency that is in them, saith *Eliphaz*, go away? And indeed without applying to the piercing Eye of Faith, by which *David* here says, *he had seen an End of all Perfection,* common Experience flings various Instances in our way. How often have we seen the dying Embers of an heroic Flame; the last Remains of much-admired Wisdom; and the whole Cycle of Learning reduced almost to the narrow Compass of an Horn-book! There is scarce a Day but what exhibits some new-faln Beggar: And, to the great Mortification of some, and Grief of others, we have seen Strength and Beauty dwindle into Weakness and Deformity; the highest Honours laid in Dust; and the brightest Glories of a Throne swallowed up in Darkness.

Such, and of so perishable a Nature are the best of these lower Perfections, that, like Bubbles, they swell indeed, and stand for a

Time above the rest of the Water, but in a Moment sink, and are lost for ever.

This, I must own, is a trite Subject, and almost exhausted; but as it carries its Instruction along with it, and will prove a proper Introduction to my present Design, I shall endeavour to give the usual Arguments a new Dress, and descend to Particulars, according to the ordinary Division of Perfection, *viz.* of *Mind*, of *Body*, and of *outward Estate*.

And, I. Of the Perfection of the Mind; Wisdom and Knowledge; which undoubtedly claim the Preference to all other, as being founded, and seated in an immaterial, everlasting Subject. When then the Understanding, that rich Treasure-house of the Soul, is stored with all manner of useful Knowledge, laid in by watchful Observation and Experience, and improved by serious Meditation and Study; and when to these Acquirements the Ornaments of Grace and Virtue are added, so that a Man forms a right Judgment in all things, and proportions his Concern to their real Value *in the whole*; this is the utmost Perfection

Perfection that human Nature is capable of. But notwithstanding we are capable of this Perfection, and have Faculties fitted for that Purpose, yet in this present State of Things, these Faculties are clogged with so many sinful Prejudices, obstructed by so many bodily Necessities, hindered, and interrupted in their Operations by so many irregular Passions, that it is almost impossible even for the best of Men to attain to any Degree of it, in this Life: And if attained, what is the Consequence? But that, as *Solomon* says, *In much Wisdom is much Grief, and he that increaseth Knowledge increaseth Sorrow*, occasioned no doubt by the Subtlety and Entanglement of Error, the various Involutions of Controversies and Disputes, and the immense Labour, that is yet behind, if a Man thinks to travel thro' the great Abyss of Ignorance. From hence arises that painful Anxiety, that attends the Disease of Curiosity, and those *Promethean* Cares that continually prey upon the Spirits of the most knowing and inquisitive Men. And after all, without diligent Attention, and repeated Impressions, stamped deep upon the Mind, the Memory will soon lose

lose most part of its choicest Treasures ; and by Disease the whole Repository may in a Moment be destroyed. If not ; Old Age, naturally covetous in other things, will in a few Days waste, or part with, unconcerned, the laborious Acquirements of many Years : And at last Death closes up the Scene. For *wise Men die*, says the Psalmist, *as well as Fools*. And so we see an End of this Perfection.

II. Fares it thus with the most distinguishing Faculties of the rational Soul, what shall we think of all the perishing Glories of the Body, as *Health*, *Strength* and *Beauty* ? 'Tis the Will of God, that *Health*, that great Blessing, without which Life is scarce desirable, should be ever flowing, and uncertain, subject to innumerable Diseases, which if it happily escapes for a few Years, it becomes a Prey to old Age, and its Sickness is incurable. For what Remedies will avail, when the most skilful Physician cannot but in time feel the Weight of it himself, and bows down under it ?---- And where shall we look for *Strength*, when *Health*, its only Support, is gone ? When the Sinews are all unloosed,

the

the Solids decayed, and the Knees smite one against another, what have we more to do, than to weep with old *Milo*, when he looked upon his withered Arms, and said, *But these are now dead?* But why should we wonder at the sudden Ruin of this House of Clay, when the Rock is removed, as *Job* says, and the strong Mountains fall? And *Nabum* iii. 9. *Ethiopia and Egypt were her Strength, and it was infinite, yet was she carried away, she went into Captivity, they cast Lots for her honourable Men, and all her great Men were bound in Chains?* As for Beauty, that darling Idol; how frail! how little! how undeserving the Devotion that is generally paid it! when upon the least Reflection we shall find, that *Favour is a Lie, and Beauty is vain*, or as *Job* says, *Thou destroyest the Hope of Man; thou prevailest against him, and he passeth; thou changeest his Countenance, and sendest him away.* Lastly, What shall we say of *Life* itself, the Subject of these united Perfections, but that in Scripture Phrase, it fadeth as the *Flower*, it withereth as the *Herb*, it runneth by as a *River*, it passeth as a *Shadow*, and as a *Dream* it vanisheth away; more fleet than the *Wind*,
more

more speedy than a *Post*; and more vain than *Vanity* itself; so that the most perfect Composition of the Kind may say with *Job*, *To Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and Sister*; and in his most healthful Days cannot but have this sad and sober Admonition in his Mind, *There is but a Step between me and Death*; for a Man dieth in his full Strength, being wholly at Ease and Quiet. Yea, even Princes Breath goeth forth, he returns to the Earth, and then all his Thoughts perish. And so endeth this Perfection.

III. After what has been said, 'twould be holding a Candle to the Sun, to speak of the Perfections *without us*, which as they are of much less Value, so also of shorter Duration. For what are *Riches*, with all their Splendor, but specious Trifles? What the incessant Thought and long Labour employed in getting them, but solemn Impertinencies? since the perpetual Care that at best attends the Enjoyment of them proves often in vain; and notwithstanding the most prudent Management, they will play their common Trick,

Trick, take to themselves Wings, and flee away. And after all, if they were not perishable in themselves, and did not die to us, yet must we die to them, *for the rich Man lieth down, and when he opens his Eyes, he is not.*--- Nor much more can we say of Honour, but that, as Lightning, which passes by, stays not to cherish, only dazzles, and it may be scorches; so the Shine of all earthly Glories startles the Mind, amuses us, inflames our Desires after them, and goes out. *For Man being in Honour abideth not, saith the Lord,* and to one Prince, *Thy Kingdom is departed from thee;* and to another, *I have numbered thy Kingdom, and finished it.*

In short, whatever outward Contentment we consider in this View, we shall find that Instability is its Portion. Be it a Multitude of Friends, delicate Fare, costly Apparel, or stately Buildings. *For I will smite the Winter House, and the Summer House; the Houses of Ivory shall perish, and the great Houses shall have an End, saith the Lord.* All these Perfections are justly likened to shallow Waters, which, when Children behold the Imagery

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therein,

therein, they are apt to think as deep as the Heaven's are high; but wiser Folk know, that as a Shower made them, so the next Sunshine will dry them up.

There is yet an Infelicity behind, attending these Perfections, which still renders them more unsatisfactory and vain; I mean, their Dependance upon each other, and that without the *Whole*, which is what no one ever yet attained to, 'tis impossible for a Man to be tolerably happy. For what Satisfaction can *Learning* and *Knowledge* give, with regard to this Life only, to a crazy and sickly Constitution? How despicable is *Health*, and *Strength*, and *Beauty*, when the Passions are wretchedly misplaced, and a Man *cannot rule his own Spirit*, but is enslaved by Lust, lifted up with Pride, or torn with Revenge and Envy? And what a poor Figure do *Riches* make when attended with Disgrace? But suppose a Man so wise in his Contrivances, and so happy in the Execution of them, that at least, in the Eye of the World, he can *patch up a Garment* of all these outward Perfections, yet with the *Prophet* we may say,
that

that *This Covering is narrower than that a Man can wrap himself in it.* The Soul, notwithstanding these glittering Ornaments, is still bare and naked, and as such must one Day take its Trial : A Trial which the mightiest Potentate upon Earth must submit to, as well as the poorest Peasant. Happy then the poor Man, whose Actions ever squared with the common Rules of Justice and Honesty, and who, to the best of his Knowledge, in Simplicity served his God ; *when all Tears shall be wiped away from his Eyes, and Trouble and Sorrow shall be no more : And thrice happy that Prince, who made it ever his Business to guard the Innocent, and relieve the Oppressed, to encourage Virtue, and promote the Interest of true Religion, thereby preserving that Peace and Harmony, which preserves the World. This is He who can face the grisly King of Terrors with undaunted Courage, not only trusting with the good King Hezekiah, in his own Integrity, but in the Merits of a Saviour, whose Cause he was more than in Title the Defender of. This is He, who shall be welcom'd with the good Steward into his Master's Joy, and shall shine forth as the Sun*

in the Kingdom of the Father. This is He, whose Memory, Ages to come shall reverence, and latest Posterity think worthy of Imitation.

I doubt not but upon the very mentioning my Text, the sad Occasion of our present Mourning occurred to your Thoughts; I mean the Death of our late gracious Queen, as she was indeed the Pattern of all Perfection. And I should be very forgetful of my Duty, and the Station I bear in this Place, if in speaking of the Death of good Princes, I did not offer my small Tribute of Praise to the Memory of so good a Queen; though it were only reminding you, of what you know already; for I would give you Facts, and not Words only.

May I not say then, that she was the Glory of her Sex, and an Ornament to the highest Honours upon Earth? The many Hours she spent in the most profound Studies, her Engagement in the most subtle Disputes, and the general Patronage she was pleased to give to Arts and Sciences, speak
her

her Mind to be truly great, her Apprehension quick and lively, and her Judgment piercing and solid. But much more does that Facility and Dexterity, with which she managed alone the most weighty Affairs, so lately experienced to the general Satisfaction of the Nation, shew the Strength of a well-nurtured Genius, and her Worthiness to wear the Honours she was born to.

But these Matters are above our Reach, and her private Life will be a more proper, as well as more instructive Subject, since her Virtues were such, that all may imitate, at least all must praise.

Her Attachment to the Protestant Cause, could not be manifested more, than by her Refusal in Marriage, for Religion's Sake, we presume, of one of the greatest Princes in *Europe*; and it pleas'd God to reward her with another of a better Persuasion. Since when, her publick Acts of Devotion have been ever constant and uniform; her Behaviour grave and exemplary; serious, but not affected; calm, but not cold; and when fervent, yet free

free from all intemperate Heat, and extravagant Superstition. In short, her whole Deportment was such, that all you that have seen her, could not but be alike piously inclined, and acknowledge a superior Dependance upon the KING of Kings.

Charity, the true Offspring of Piety, was her next darling Virtue; for she well knew what a peculiar Value the Almighty has set upon it in his Word, and by this sacred Rule proportioned her Care and directed her Conduct; impartially kind, and universally a *nursing Mother*; where-ever Affliction was, there was she, *ready to distribute, willing to communicate*, but more particularly to distressed Merit, and the unfortunate Great; her Pensions to decayed Gentry, &c. amounting to near Ten Thousand Pounds a Year, which we hear his Majesty, out of his wonted Goodness, is graciously pleased to continue.

The accurate Choice she made of those few Friends, to whom she vouchsafed an Intimacy, (being recommended to her by her own distinguishing Marks of Goodness, Virtue, and Fi-

Fidelity,) and the agreeable Sweetness with which she tempered Majesty in her Conversation with them, plainly shewed the Clearness of her Understanding in Social Life, and that proper Accomplishments could grace the Table, as well as the Council-Board.

But I cannot pass by a Friendship of the strictest Tie, and highest Obligation; I mean the *Connubial*. Her Love to the King her Husband was as engaging, as Gracefulness and the most tender Affection could make it; ever constant, ever pure, like the Harmony between the *Will* and *Understanding*, in an uniform and steady *Mind*, acknowledging a Subjection, yet still retaining Majesty.

With the same graceful Exactness, did she discharge other relative Duties; how judicious was her Care in the Education of, and how discreet her Fondness in Conversation with her Children, who with Virtue answer'd all her Care, and with true filial Piety equalled all her Love!

I need not mention here her Goodness to you her Servants, always rewarding your faithful Services with suitable Encouragement; or with what decent Order she managed all her Domestick Affairs, discreetly generous, and elegantly frugal; but shall come to the last Scene of her Life, when her Patience, under the afflicting Hand of God, was very great and exemplary.

She had indeed as large a Portion of the Blessings of this Life, as Royal Affluence could administer, as a Wife, a Mother, a Queen; but even Princes must submit to Sicknes, and all Earthly Perfections will have an End. But such was her patient Submission on her Sick-Bed, to the Will of God, that tho' she doubly suffer'd both in the tender Love towards those she was about to leave, and the grievous Pains she must needs feel; yet so serene and calm was her Mind, and so composed her Countenance, that she seem'd the least affected Person in all the melancholy Palace: And here we cannot but observe, That the decent Passion, and

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unfeigned Tears of the afflicted King, gave an eminent Proof of her incomparable Worth; and surely never was an extraordinary Degree of Patience more wanting, so violent was her Sickness, and so severe her Pains; and never was it exercised in a more serious and christian-like Manner; so resign'd was her Behaviour, and so devout her Prayers: Death was so far from looking terrible, that she reach'd out to him, as an unshackled Prisoner would to his kind Deliverer; or a blind Man, to a Physician that could give him Light. And what could this eminent Strength of Mind, beyond her Sex, be owing to, but the Conscientiousness of a well-spent Life, and the certain Hope, that, thro' the Merits of her Redeemer, she was now entering upon a Better, to exchange a *corruptible* Crown for an *incorruptible* One, even *the Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give her at the last Day, and not to her only, but unto all them also, that love his Appearing?*

This is a faint Representation of the admirable Qualities of our deceased Queen, and

a proper Instance, I think, of the Instability of all human Perfections. To return therefore to my Text, and the Use we ought to make of these Reflections:

Hence learn we not to doat on Trifles, or pursue a Shadow; but with the Eye of Faith to look through these *seeming Perfections*, to the infinite Perfection of the *divine Essence*, the *first of Beings*, and the *last of Ends*; and contemplate the inconceivable Happiness of those, who shall enjoy the Communications of his Blessedness. Such a glorious Prospect will raise our Minds above this present World, and inspire a generous Disdain of all vain Pleasures, transitory Glories, and short uncertain Advantages here below. This is true Wisdom. — *Lord, teach us so to number our Days, that we may apply our Hearts unto it.*

I. That whatever Treasures and Talents we are Masters of, we boast not; and, under the false Name of *Acquisitions*, give the Glory of them to our own Counsels and Endeavours; but remember, that *all our Sufficiency is from God; and that every good and perfect*

perfect Gift is from above ; and moreover, that no Gift is absolutely compleat and perfect, till it return thither again. Reason itself, which distinguishes us from all other Creatures, gives but a faint and glimmering Light, not so much enlightning as betraying the Darkness of our Understanding ; and upbraids our Ignorance, tho' at the same time perhaps it increases our Knowledge. For, be our Knowledge ever so far extended, the Field of Ignorance is infinitely larger. The most obvious Things in Nature have their Difficulties, which the clearest Comprehension cannot solve ; and every Particle of Matter sufficient Qualities to puzzle the most enlarged Understanding of thinking Men. So little Reason have we to pride ourselves in the Chief of all human Perfections ; much less then, in the Paint and Varnish of Beauty, which is liable to be blown off with every Wind ; or in the uncertain Aids of Fortune, which To-day are thine, To-morrow another's, and *never continue in one Stay*. A stronger Instance of the Uncertainty of these Things, the Contempt of Enjoyment, and submissive Patience in the Loss of them, cannot be given, than in *Job* ;

who in that solemn Protestation of his Integrity, says, *If I have made Gold my Hope, or have said to the fine Gold, Thou art my Confidence: If I rejoiced because my Wealth was great, or because my Hand had gotten much: If I beheld the Sun when it shined, or the Moon walking in Brightness, i. e. If I had suffered myself to have been enamoured with the Glory of outward Happiness, or its false Lustre to have dazled mine Understanding, This also were an Iniquity to be punished by the Judge: For I should have denied the God that is above.* From whence we may learn,

II. That this Wisdom of considering the *End of all Perfections* is of excellent Use, to teach us a decent Moderation in the Enjoyment, a proper Method in the Use, and a patient Contentedness in the Loss of any, or of all of them. For who sees not the Folly, as well as Danger, of revelling in Delight, and rioting in an Excess of Luxury; when our Life hangs but by a Thread, and *God for all these things will bring us into Judgment?* Who would squander away their Riches in extravagant or sinful Purposes, when by laying them out in

Works

Works of Piety and Charity, they may be made the best of *Friends, even such as will receive us into everlasting Habitations?* Or who would so attach himself to the Things of this Life, as to place his *All* therein; and so multiply Sorrows to himself, by giving *Affliction* Power over him, when he considers, That how great soever it is, *it is but for a Moment, and will work for him, a far more exceeding and eternal Weight of Glory?* From hence then,

Lastly, The Wisdom of knowing the *End of these Perfections*, will set us above their Temptations, raze out of our Minds the Impressions they have made, and teach us to look out for something that is more perfect, and will abide with us for ever. God, who placed us in this transitory World, and gratified us with these imperfect Enjoyments, hath opened our Eyes, not that we might fix them upon these Things, and be solicitous after them; but that we might perceive their Emptiness and Vanity; that they cannot always last, nor will at all times be of Service to us; lest, if it were otherwise, such is the Atheism of our Hearts, we should forget the
Hand

Hand that gave them, and be so attach'd to these lower Contentments, as never to desire and thirst after more substantial Good, more divine Perfections. But now we are taught another Lesson, that since the *Fashion of this World passeth*, we *rejoice*, as tho' we *rejoiced not*, and *use the World*, as tho' we *used it not*, sitting loose in our Affections from these outward Things, as they sit loose from us; and when *they* are finite, not to let our Desires after *them* be infinite, but after a more *perfect Good*, which is as immortal as the Soul, and large as its capacious Appetite; I mean, the glorious Blessedness of the Saints in Heaven, beyond all Imagination happy in the Vision and Communication of Almighty God; when Mortality shall be swallowed up of Life, *when the Sun shall be no more thy Light by Day; neither for Brightness shall the Moon give Light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting Light, and thy God thy Glory.* This is the last Perfection, this our only true Happiness; not attainable indeed in this mortal State; but very requisite is it for us, even Now, to prepare ourselves for it, by *living righteously and soberly in this present*

sent World; that when the Time of our Dissolution comes, we may rest in Christ; and at the last Day, when we awake to Judgment, stripped of all these fading Perfections, be clothed upon with our House from God, eternal in the Heavens, never to see an End of this Perfection.

F I N I S.

our Works; that when the Time of our Dis-
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 clothed upon with those from God, and
 at the last see an End of
 this Possession.



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